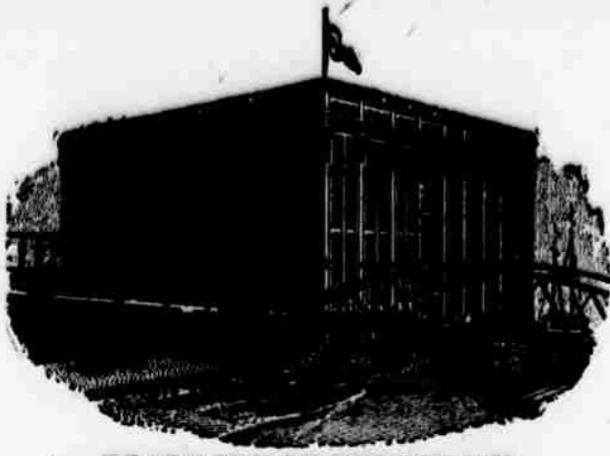


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## CLIPPING BUREAU.

Women Who Pay Round Sums for News.

On the top floor of the Judge Building in Fifth avenue, New York, there are two girls who are more thoroughly "up to date" than even "1492." They sit at a long table under the skylight and paste newspaper clippings on to slips of paper. In an adjoining room, at another long table, more girls and a number of men sit and read newspapers all day long. They get through 500 papers a day, and except Saturdays, when they draw their salaries, they curse the day that printing was invented, says the New York Sun.

It is a clipping bureau. You would quickly discover that if you should go into the third room, where several men, armed with the longest shears on record, cut and slash wherever the blue pencil has left its mark. There are over 3,000 subscribers' names down on the books. Three thousand people have enough curiosity or interest about what the papers say of them to pay \$5 a hundred for the clippings. Of this number quite one-half are women. They are mostly writers, or authoresses, as the literary girl in the first room calls them. That girl is a marvel of information. You can go through the whole 3,000 names and catchise her on them all and she won't miss a question. She is said to be an oracle in her family and among her friends. Her particular work is sifting out the notices of literary people, and she hasn't much of an opinion of the craft. She doesn't aspire to write a book. She thinks it's too common.

But authoresses are not the only women who want to know what the world says about them. Society queens are quite as curious as to the expression in the eye of the public as it looks at them. And there are actresses on the list, and artists—a few of them only, because they are generally too impecunious—and wives of prominent men, and, in fact, all sorts and conditions of women.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has been the most popular woman, journalistically speaking, in this country during the last year. In May alone Mrs. Palmer received 1,311 notices of herself through this bureau. This was a comparatively small proportion of those that were printed, for she excluded all Chicago papers, which, of course, teemed with references to her, and received only important ones from other papers.

Miss Clara Barton is another woman who enjoys a steady newspaper popularity. Miss Barton had to put a stop to the large shipments of clippings sent her on account of a certain experience not long ago. A story was started to the effect that when she went into the Patent Office some years ago she was penniless, and it was intimated that she was on the verge of starvation when she took the place. This made Miss Barton, who is very jealous of the memory of her father, very indignant. But the worst was yet to come. The lib seemed to catch the fancy of the exchange editors throughout the country, and inside of a week the clipping bureaus began to fire notices at her at 5 cents a clip from papers from every State in the Union. When Miss Barton had paid \$5 or \$10 for the pleasure of reading repetitions of an untrue story about herself she had had enough, and notified the bureaus that she didn't want reprints and wouldn't have them. A certain Congresswoman's wife received in thirteen months 114 clippings of one paragraph about her.

## HIS CLIENT WAS GUILTY.

An Indian Lawyer's Discovery After Securing a Counterfeiter's Acquittal.

Several years ago, when Judge Francis J. Reinhard, the well-known German lawyer of Indianapolis, was a young but enthusiastic attorney practicing at Crown Point, he was called in to defend a man charged with circulating counterfeit money. He talked with the accused several times in jail and became impressed with the idea that the man was honest and was literally being outraged by the authorities. Mr. Reinhard entered into the case with characteristic earnestness and prepared himself thoroughly to make the defense. When the case came to preliminary hearing the lawyer made a terrific fight and secured the discharge of his client. Outside the courtroom, after the trial, the client button-holed Lawyer Reinhard and, leading him into an alley out of sight of the gaping crowd, paid him his fee with twelve silver dollars. Then with tears in his eyes he thanked the lawyer and went his way. Mr. Reinhard immediately proceeded to the office of a friend to whom he owed a debt of 65 cents, and tendered one of his newly-made dollars.

"Say, Frank," said the friend, after an inspection of the money, "this money is counterfeit."

"You're certainly mistaken," replied Lawyer Reinhard. "I just took it as part of a fee from a man whom I am confident is honest, and perfectly reliable. I am not easily mistaken in my estimate of the character of my clients."

"That may be so," replied the friend; "but this money is spurious just the same, and to prove it we will just go over to the bank."

Thereupon the gentlemen went to the bank, not far away, and laid down the dollar, asking for change. The teller, an elderly and conservative man, adjusted a monocle to his eye, gazed long and earnestly at the coin and shoved it back through the window with the remark:

"Gentlemen, we don't take such money as that here. It is a rank counterfeit."

## Limits of Ivory.

It is difficult to obtain from an elephant's tusk a perfect slab of ivory more than six inches in diameter, as the upper end of the tusk, which is

the thickest, is hollow, and the material is coarser than that in the solid part of the tusk. Every part of the tusk is put to use. Even the chips and sawdust are converted into ivory-black by burning.

## Bellamy on Our Future.

I confess I cannot understand the mental operations of good men or women who from the moment they are parents do not become intensely interested in the social question, writes Edward Bellamy in the Ladies' Home Journal. "That an unmarried man or even a man childless though married should concern himself little about the future of a race in which he may argue that he will have no personal stake, is conceivable, though such indifference is not morally edifying."

From the time their children are born it becomes the great problem with parents how to provide for and safeguard their future when they themselves shall no longer be on earth. To this end they painfully save and save and plot and plan to secure from their offspring all the advantages that may give them a better chance than other man's children in the struggle for existence.

They do this, knowing sadly well the while, for observation and experience, how vain all such safeguards may prove, how impossible it is for even the wisest and wealthiest of fathers to make sure that the cherished child he leaves behind may not be glad to earn his bread as a servant to the children of his father's servants. Still the parent toils and saves, feeling that this is the best and all he can do for his offspring, little though it be. But is it? Surely a moment's thought will show that this is a wholly unscientific way of going about the work of providing for the future of one's children.

This is the problem of all problems to which the individualistic method is most inapplicable, the problem before all others of which the only adequate solution must necessarily be a social solution.

## A Conscientious Railroad.

Once met with a conscientious railroad man. I don't mean that there are not lots of 'em but this fellow was peculiarly so. It was a little town up the Chenango Valley, where I was doing the usual "fight act" with a hotel man for a "cut rate" for our company. I got to the station about half an hour before train time and, as I had to do some writing, stepped into the yardmaster's office and politely asked him for some paper. There was lots of it lying on the desk and telegraph table, but do you think that old cuss would let me use a sheet of it? No, sir! He unlocked a drawer and taking out a pad of linen paper handed it to me with the observation: "That's mine; the other is the company's and I don't use its property for private purposes."

I didn't know whether to get mad or not, but I needed the paper and accepted it. I thought to get even by offering to pay for it. That blasted yardmaster took my quarter and gave me back two dimes, remarking: "Well, that's the first time in years that a drummer or showman has offered to pay for anything." I got well acquainted when we opened there and a jollier, blither-hearted fellow I never met.—Pittsburgh Post.

## The Devil's Mirror.

"One of the most peculiar of stone formations is the 'devil's looking-glass,' on the Nolachucky River," said L. D. Taylor at the Lindell. "It is a palisade which arises abruptly from the river to a height of 200 feet. It is perfectly smooth and about 100 feet wide. When the sun is at a certain stage it throws a shadow over the water and reflects the moon as a mirror would, dazzling the eyes of the beholder, sometimes almost blinding him with its brightness. To go upon the river in a skiff and look down into the water, is to see an image reflected, but always distorted. It is this which gave the name to the formation, and there are several interesting legends connected with it, some of which are devotedly believed by the mountaineers. One of those which is generally given credence is that every night at midnight, when the moon shines, the devil goes over to bathe and makes up his toilet using the rock, with the reflection of the moonlight, as a looking-glass."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## An Example to Kickers.

There was upon a time an old lady who had known many sorrows and heartaches, who had lost children, husband, friends, and who was alone and poor in her old age. One day a lady who had gone to see her, pitying her and fate, said:

"Why, grandma, what a dreary outlook there is from your window—only barns and back doors!"

"Yes," said the old lady cheerily, "but there are people who are blind, and who, although they live always by the ocean, cannot see it. There is always a bit of sky for me to look at and when it is very blue and sweet I always think of the blind people and pity them even though they be rich and I be poor."

## No Flag There.

Great Britain has long had the unique distinction of being the only nation which does not display the national flag over the houses of Parliament. Protest and appeal from various patriots have been without avail, the government at last taking refuge behind the excuse that no money was appropriated for the purpose. A member of Parliament offered to furnish the funds, whereupon the government gave in, and a few days ago it was announced in the House of Commons that in future the national flag (the Union Jack, not the royal standard) will be hoisted on the Victoria tower of the houses of Parliament during the sessions of Parliament.

## Lighting Its Nest.

The baby bird of India ingeniously illuminates its nest. It catches fireflies, and, with-out killing them, with moist clay sticks them to its nest. On a dark night the baby's nest is like a bright beacon.

Try only time a girl doesn't object to bundles is when they contain new clothes, and she is going on the car.

## INCIDENTS OF A WINDY DAY.

Two Runaway Hats, an Officious Citizen and Perhaps a Spree.

A wind-propelled brown Derby hat rolled rapidly from Park row toward Nassau street yesterday afternoon, says the New York Sun, pursued by a young man, whose lack of headgear and eagerness in the chase gave indication that he was the owner. At the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets he collided with an older man and knocked off the latter's silk hat, which also became the prey of the wind. The two hats rolled merrily down the Spruce street incline, the Derby well in the lead, and the two owners followed them, while a crowd gathered to watch the fun. Up the hill there came puffing a portly and comfortable looking party, whose attention was called to the hats by sundry howls of "Hi!" "Ho!" "Hey!" and other equally intelligible interjections from the owners. The portly party essayed to stop the first hat with his hands, in the manner of one who grabs for a chicken, gingerly, and with an evident fear that it might bite. The Derby dodged nimbly by and the portly one then took a chance at the tall hat. He stuck out his foot. The silk hat lightly tripped over it. So did the owner of the Derby, who was close behind and didn't have time to stop. He plunged forward on the back of his neck, flopped over once and landed squarely upon the silk hat with a force highly detrimental to its appearance.

Up he rose with a howl of rage and welled the surprised portly party in the diaphragm. Before the other could retaliate the owner of the silk hat arrived and poked his hat into the collar of the proprietor of the brown derby, which was meantime making good time toward William street. Then there was a real triangular mix up, and the crowd of spectators howled with glee. Presently the man without the brown Derby bethought himself of his hat, having satisfied his rage by kicking the shins of the other two men. He saw it in the act of rolling beneath the feet of a team of draught horses. After they had passed over a microscopic examination would have been necessary to identify the remains. The owner left them lying in the road, went back to the other two who had descended from mutilation of each other's features to mutual oblation, and suggested that they all have a drink and talk the matter over. They disappeared into a neighboring saloon, and the crowd melted away. Two minutes thereafter a messenger boy emerged from the saloon and returned shortly with two skull caps.

## Instinct seldom Goes Wrong.

"I had an experience to be remembered once at Moonhead," said Joseph Williams, a laborer on the Lewiston streets. "Three of us were out on the lake one winter's day in January when a storm came up. We had a couple of horses and rode on sledges made of split birch poles. To get home and settled in the cabins before night came on was our one wish, but for two hours the icy clouds had been blowing up on the horizon and now came down in a whirl of snow and icy wind. In half an hour we were lost on the ice. Two hours later we crossed our own tracks again and knew that we had been going about in a circle. To stay out there all night would be death, and to keep on traveling about aimlessly meant to fall at last exhausted. Finally, as the wind blew keener along the level surface and the snow beat on our bronzed faces with more cutting effect, we called a halt and discussed again the chances. An old guide who was with us suggested that we let the horses take their own way off the lake. It seemed foolish, but we agreed. Striking the horses smart clips with the whips we were surprised to see them turn each to the left and start off east. We thought this would take us farther into the lake, but submitted, and in half an hour the trees along the bank loomed up through the storm, and we were safe. A horse knows by instinct what a man doubts and questions in such times."—Lewiston Journal.

## A Big Sewer.

Philadelphia is going to give the world an excellent object lesson in sewer building," said Francis Heslop of Pittsburgh to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man. "They are building a large sewer on piles, and if they succeed in the undertaking, which is to cost \$1,500,000, they will have done a great deal toward solving a very difficult problem. This new sewer runs along the bed of the Aramingo canal, which is too soft to hold the great weight. To get over this difficulty piles of yellow pine twelve inches square are to be driven down to rock bottom about three feet apart. At the top of them a heavy plank floor will be placed, and on this a nine-foot sewer will be built. The undertaking has been discussed by engineers throughout the State, and opinions differ very much as to the result of the undertaking, which in several features appears to be daring in the extreme. In this age of engineering advancement it is absurd to say anything is impossible, and the men in charge of this singular work are likely to be able to convince the world that after all there is something new under the sun."

## Sunday in Australia.

Sunday in most of the capitals of Australian provinces is not an enlivening day. Concert and theatrical entertainments are contrary to the law, hotels are rigorously closed as far as the general public is concerned, and if a publican is caught dispensing liquor he is heavily fined. Steamers and trains are run only on sufferance, although the shops are allowed to remain open. In Melbourne, however, no shopkeeper is allowed to sell even a bottle of ginger beer or a dozen of apples. Yet Melbourne is the only town where concerts are held Sunday, and once they were high class, but as no charge can be made for entrance they have retrograded in character. An audience is admitted to the concert hall or theater bit by bit, each man or woman having to contribute to a collection made at the door as they enter. Sometimes, however, the plate is taken round the seats as in church.—London Figaro.

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